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ANGLO-HAWAIIAN POEMS,

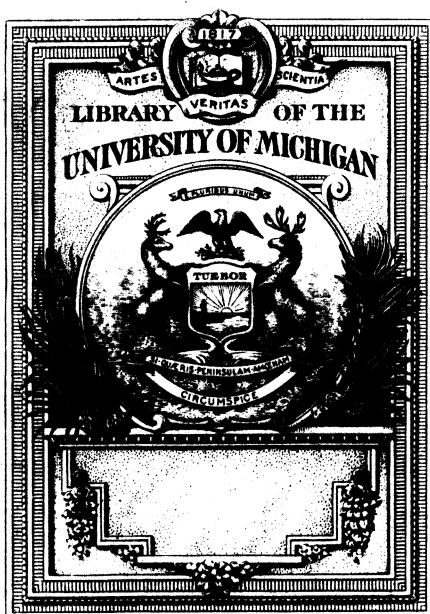
BY

JOHN MACHAR MACDONALD,

OF

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

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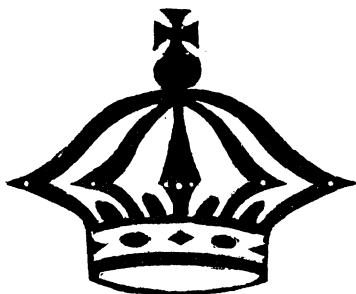


# ANGLO-HAWAIIAN POEMS,

BY

JOHN MACHAR MACDONALD,

OF HONOLULU.



THIS PUBLICATION OF ANGLO-HAWAIIAN POEMS IS THE FIRST IN A COLLECTED FORM EVER  
ISSUED FROM THE HONOLULU PRESS; AND THE PIECES SELECTED WILL BE FOUND  
HAWAIIAN EITHER IN MATTER, CONCEPTION OR ASSOCIATION; WHILE  
ALL THE GRADATIONS OF WORK NECESSARY TO PRODUCE A  
BOOK HAVE BEEN EXECUTED IN HONOLULU.

---

*Poetry is the language of the soul, the measured tones that reach the human heart.*

---

PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION.

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HONOLULU :

PACIFIC COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER PRINT.

1877.

DEDICATION

TO HIS MAJESTY KALAKAUA,

KING OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

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SIRE:—To your Majesty's royal patronage and favor be ascribed the possibility of the publication of this pioneer effort towards the introduction of Anglo-Hawaiian poetical literature into these islands of poetry and song.

The publication of the present humble selection of original poems, the writer trusts, may lead to much greater efforts in a similar direction by those of your Majesty's subjects in whom poetical genius is latent, or who have occasionally contributed poetical compositions to the Anglo-Hawaiian press.

By permission this publication is hereby dedicated to your Majesty, and it has been made as worthy of royal patronage as circumstances would permit. The poems, although few in number, will be found Hawaiian either in conception or association, while the work was written, printed and published in the city of Honolulu.

In conclusion the writer desires to express his grateful thanks to your Majesty for the encouragement indicated above, coupled with the belief that all laudable Hawaiian enterprise will find in your royal person a generous friend and liberal patron.

THE AUTHOR.

Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, }  
12th April, 1877.

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### CARD OF THANKS.

The author takes this opportunity to express his grateful thanks to Her Majesty the Dowager Queen Emma Kaleleonalani, for her liberal patronage towards this publication ; and also to the other subscribers without whose generous assistance the work could not have been published.

Honolulu, 12th April, 1877.

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## MACDONALD'S

# ANGLO-HAWAIIAN POEMS.

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### THE HAWAIIAN EXILE.

Afar from these shores on a foreign land treading,  
The Hawaiian exile a stranger must roam ;  
A cold northern climate around him is spreading  
Bleak scenes never known in the land of his home.

The chill blasts of winter beat hard on his dwelling;  
Thro' key-hole the wind whistles hollow and shrill;  
High on his doorstep the snow bank is swelling,  
And drift at his window lies white on the sill.

The leafless trees bend in the gale that is blowing;  
Cold earth freezes hard as a stone to his tread;  
The frost seals the streams all unseen in their flowing  
That press to the sea over ice hidden bed.

Tho' snug in his parlor he often sits musing,  
 And thinks of his bright sunny isles of the sea;  
 He lays down the book he is tired of perusing,  
 To dream of the beauties of Hawaii nei.

His thoughts soar away to his own native mountains,  
 And hover a while in their valleys and groves;  
 His soul longs to drink of the clear gushing fountains  
 That murmur and flow in the land that he loves.

There cradled was he near the hills that are looming  
 Afar on the view that his dream passes o'er;  
 His fancy beholds their bold outlines assuming  
 The shapes he remembers so well that they wore.

The crystal waves break on the shores of his childhood,  
 Where oft in his youth he had gamboled in glee;  
 The trade wind sighs softly thro' palms and thro' wildwood  
 Whose sounds blend in music with moan of the sea.

He sees the known forms of his friends that are dearer  
 Than all the gay pleasures that wealth can bestow;  
 Yea, e'en while he looks, their loved features grow clearer,  
 And smile to his smile as they did long ago.

Strange landscapes may glow in the rays of the morning;  
 Gay flowerets may sparkle refreshed by the dew;  
 Yet art cultured nature in choicest adorning  
 Yields not the charms that in boyhood he knew.

Tho' cities in splendor their archives unfolding  
 Invite him to study rich treasures of lore;  
 Tho' triumphs of art he is ever beholding,  
 He longs for his home on a tropical shore.

With ardor he speaks of his isles of the ocean,  
 Where sacred to him is each mountain and plain;  
 Describing the valleys and haunts with devotion,  
 He counts on the time he may tread them again.

LINES SUGGESTED BY WITNESSING THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE MAJOR E. H. BOYD,  
CHAMBERLAIN TO HIS MAJESTY.

The dead march sounds the solemn funeral knell,  
We hear its echoes gently rise and swell

On ev'ning air;

The last sad tribute to the dead is paid;

The last sad rite performed and duly said

With zeal and care.

To slow and solemn notes unnumbered feet

From every land paced thro' the quiet street,

A sight sublime;

All races met, but all their thoughts were one,

Concerted thousands trod in unison

For all képt time.

Beneath the pomp and tinsel of display

Beat hearts that swelled in sympathy that day,

And mem'ry keen;

Beneath the plumes coursed down the tender tear

Wiped unobserved, in case it might appear

A weakness seen.

The awful prospect of a yawning grave

Shed for while a sadness on the brave,

A thoughtful gloom

That reached far deeper than a sermon read,

'Twas stern reality beside the dead,

And near the tomb.

Wrongs were forgotten, and turmoil was hushed;

Foes met like friends, hate and revenge were crushed,

Or unexpressed;

Each serious look bespoke the last farewell

Which faltering on the tongue, unuttered fell  
Within the breast.

The sympathies of man for brother man  
Are signs and tokens of a God-like plan,  
Untoned by art;  
The last obsequies on the dead bestowed,  
The salt tear from the moisten'd eye that flowed,  
Revealed the heart.

All knew the man and felt he was a friend  
Whom they esteemed up to the bitter end  
When thus he fell;  
And e'en his dust tho' covered from their view  
They honored, for 'twas once the man they knew  
And loved so well.



OAKUM is so well known a character in Honolulu that it seems unnecessary to speak of him, yet for the benefit of foreign readers it may be stated that he is an eccentric white man, who has lived in the neighborhood of Honolulu for a number of years, his history previous to being seen on these islands is unknown, and his appearance, habits and general characteristics are such as described in the following poem :

### OAKUM'S SONG.

I am a man of bees which I hunt amongst the trees,  
And the mountains of Oahu are my home;  
My feet may be unshod, yet I strut along the road  
Whistling "Yankee Doodle" as I roam.

I wear a flowing mane, and I travel with a cane;  
One of Nature's noble idlers you see;  
I'm a waif on the streets, while I live upon the sweets  
That busy bees lay up in store for me.

I'm partial to my fare, and I breathe the purest air;  
 I'm careless, free and happy all day long;  
 Contented with my lot, tho' at times I've ne'er a coat;  
 The mountain crags re-echo with my song.

Not bothered with my friends, for I make them serve my ends;  
 I borrow all the money that I need;  
 I don't insure my life, for I've neither child nor wife,  
 And freedom self and honey is my creed.

I'm heedless in my tone, and I "go my game alone";  
 When hungry I may always eat my fill;  
 My thoughts are light as air, and my mind is free from care;  
 After death my bones may whiten on the hill.

No one may know the spot where my body lies to rot;  
 The story of my life shall die with me;  
 Amongst the mountain fogs, there surrounded by my dogs,  
 My aimless life will end beneath a tree.



### A TROPICAL SUNSET.

At close of day when gilded clouds arise  
 In gathering patches o'er the tropic skies,  
 And peaks of vapor where the sunbeams rest  
 Ascending float and glitter in the west;  
 Soaring aloft to veil declining day,  
 While scattered cloudlets frolic as in play  
 By fitful changes thro' the higher air  
 Until they vanish in the solar glare.

The massive cloud increases at its base,  
 And spreads afar into the azure space;  
 O'er-burdened tops in downward clusters lean

Clad in bright armor, gold and silver sheen;  
 While weakening beams permit the gazing eye  
 To scan the mazes of the gorgeous sky:  
 A Heavenly glory lifts the soul from earth  
 Above the vileness of its mortal birth.

Swift fleeting shadows glide across the scene  
 With slanting rays that throw their light between;  
 Till near the sun the gauzy vapors spread,  
 As he descends to greet the fleecy bed;  
 While thick'ning shadows upward move and press  
 To clothe the disk in tropic evening dress  
 Of brilliant lustre every shade and hue;  
 A golden land amidst a sea of blue:  
 All brightly color'd by the darting beams  
 The western sky a blaze of glory seems.

Dissolving views that change in varied light  
 Replaced by others op'ning to the sight;  
 Strange fancy images on ether borne  
 And seeming landscapes which the scenes adorn,  
 In colors fresh and spread by Nature's hand,  
 All come and go as if by magic wand.

From many a crevice in the burnished maze  
 Burst jets of light in silent gorgeous blaze;  
 Till glory flashing penetrates the pole,  
 And wakes the impulse of our earth-bound soul;  
 Which panting with ecstatic joys it tries  
 To find an exit thro' our gazing eyes:  
 The picture brightens till we faintly see  
 A glimpse of what angelic spheres might be;  
     Imagination sees a Heavenly throng  
     And hears in fragments the adoring song  
     Of myriad souls that worship in the sky,  
     In glory hallowed swell their melody.

Anon the sun behind the radiant fleece  
 Changes the aspect to the isles of Greece,  
 With swains and maidens 'neath the olive shade  
 Where spreads the vista thro' a myrtle glade,  
 And winding streamlets thread a grass clad mead  
 Where flowerets blush, and herds of cattle feed:  
 Then chaos and a wild confusion seems  
 To change the cloud and dim the glancing beams,  
 Till mountains form and massive forests grow,  
 Huge castles frown and shining rivers flow;  
 E'en cities rise on shores of sunny seas  
 Where palms seem waving in a gentle breeze,  
 Then Eden's garden with the fruits and flowers  
 That clustered near to Adam's sacred bowers  
     Of love and innocence the blest abode  
     Where man unfallen could converse with God;  
     All genial spring, for death was then unknown,  
     Nor weed nor thistle on that soil had grown;  
     Where beasts in harmony would mingling meet,  
     And little lambs play near the tigers feet;  
     E'er yet the flaming sword from Heaven was sent  
     E'er yet created man from Eden went.

But fainter grow the marbled streaks of light,  
 With kindred signs of the approaching night,  
 And leaden hues the brilliant scenes replace  
 Till scarce a vestige of a beam we trace;  
 The colors fade and sombre shadows fall  
 To screen the radiance with a darker pall,  
 Now lost in cloud the suns exhausted ray  
 Proclaims the finish of a tropic day.

Night follows fast on darken'd spreading wings,  
 O'er earth and sky her sable mantle flings,  
 Contrasting darkness with the former light,

The dense deep shadow of a tropic night;  
 Yet thro' the labyrinth of bush and tree  
 The dark expanse of vaulted sky we see;  
 Where sparkling stars their brilliant orbs display  
 Till dawning morn reveals another day.

---

TO A CAGED LINNET, OBSERVED IN HONOLULU.

Theme of poet, bird of song,  
 Warbling in thy native tongue;  
 Modest, homely, russet hue;  
 Form familiar to my view.

Clear and full thy native lay,  
 Linnet yet ; tho' far away,  
 Distant from thy native land,  
 Stranger on a foreign strand.

Welcome strains that softly swell  
 Hold me in enraptured spell;  
 Unexpected joy to me,  
 Nature's woodland melody.

Cheerfully the moments fleet  
 Whilst thy music flows so sweet,  
 Bringing back the olden time  
 Holy as a vesper chime.

Notes that touch the tender string;  
 Notes that finer feelings bring;  
 Notes that memories recall;  
 Sacred, dearest of them all.

Linnet, wherefore dost thou stray ?  
 Why from home so far away ?  
 Think'st thou ? were it not thy lay  
 Freedom would be thine to-day.

## THE KONA STORM.

In fitful gusts the south wind fiercely blows,  
 And dark'ning clouds scud thro' the stormy sky;  
 The sun was red this morning when it rose,  
 But now 'tis hid from every wistful eye.

Old Ocean boils and casts his snow white crest  
 To dash in fury on the coral shore;  
 His billows bar the harbor, and his breast  
 Heaves threat'ningly with grand and solemn roar.

All Nature shrinks in terror at the blast,  
 And war of elements by land and sea;  
 The gloom still darkens while the rain falls fast,  
 And birds take cover in a sheltering tree.

The streets deserted, fill with muddy streams;  
 The mountain torrents rush into the plain;  
 The drivers hurry on their jaded teams,  
 And haste for shelter from the wind and rain.

All trade is stopped, and merchants hang the lip;  
 While sadness presses with its gloomy form;  
 Some think of friends in an expected ship;  
 All thoughts are centered in the Kona Storm.



THE following lines were written on the occasion of the planting by His Majesty of the top of Punchbowl Hill with young trees in the early part of 1875, and were at the time published in the "Islander":

## ADDRESS OF PUNCHBOWL HILL TO THE KING.

A thousand thanks, Sire, for this work begun  
 To shield my scalp from rays of torrid sun;  
 A thousand thanks for good example set,

I'll fondly smile on covered body yet;  
 Long have I looked with dismal frown around,  
 A naked eyesore towering from the ground;  
 But with these trees now planted by a king  
 I'll don the foliage of eternal Spring:  
 Grimly I stood a mountain of decay,  
 A crumbling mass of rugged rock and clay;  
 Yet oft I spoke in loudest tones to thee  
 With loyal volleys from my battery:  
 I've slept thro' centuries of calm and storm,  
 When wind and rain assailed my naked form;  
 When floods dashed wildly down my sides so bleak  
 And bore my soil off to the nearest creek;  
 Now by command my top a park is made,  
 Soon may thy people seek its cooling shade  
 To view afar the varied landscape wide  
 From Oahu's hills to blue Pacific's tide:  
 I'll feed with joy each tender sapling's root  
 And yield the sap to each fresh bursting shoot,  
 'Till clothed in green my thick'ning foliage high  
 Shall wave its beauty in the tropic sky;  
 The floods retained shall permeate my sides,  
 For trees may bring a moisture that abides;  
 Perhaps a fountain with a sparkling rill  
 May issue from the flank of Punchbowl Hill;  
 And on my slopes where bleakness long hath been  
 May mansions rise with noble groves between;  
 While on my walks may love and beauty stray  
 To pass the leisure of a closing day:  
 But Sire, enough; accept these thanks of mine,  
 I yield the glory for the work is thine.

THE plants on Punchbowl Hill did not succeed so well as was at first anticipated, and this fact suggested the following poem :

### DREAM OF PUNCHBOWL HILL.

I had a dream, a very pleasant dream;  
 A dream that like the dulcet tones of song  
 Leaves music's echoes on the tuneful ear;  
 A phantom picture which the brain unfolds  
 Amidst the darkest shadows of the night,  
 And when 'tis gone the image still remains  
 In memory's chambers; or perchance impressed  
 A mirrored picture stamped upon the mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

I dreamed a park was planted on my head,  
 A sylvan beauty clothed and cooled my brow  
 While gorgeous flowers shed perfume on the air;  
 Clear sparkling fountains murmured 'neath the trees  
 And danced with joy reflecting silvery beams  
 That played upon their surface; while gay birds  
 Of bright and golden plumage fluttered near  
 And sang their merry carols on the boughs :  
 The noontide heat was cooled by flood and shade  
 Where mountain winds came sighing thro' the leaves  
 That quivered gently with the breath of life;  
 While far above hung as a canopy  
 The vault of space, the soft blue tropic sky  
 In which moved cloudlets white as driven snow;  
 No discord marred the happiness and peace  
 Which mingled there; the scene itself repelled  
 All rudeness as misplaced, all nature smiled  
 On gorgeous beauty, that might even tempt  
 An angel from the clouds to tread Earth's soil,  
 Where high above the surface of the globe  
 Remote from vice he'd still be near to Heaven:  
 The distant sound of ocean faintly heard

Mixed with the murmur of the fountain near;  
 Lovers were seated in ambrosial bowers  
 And told their tale in harmony and bliss  
 Untrammelled by the cares of Earth beneath;  
 For here was all that heart could yearn to have,  
 Love, beauty, peace, and all the countless joys  
 Of Nature's glory felt thro' sight and sound;  
 Decay had not yet ventured to intrude  
 Her ghastly form upon the youthful groves  
 All spring and life; the flowers and foliage fresh,  
 The thick'ning growth but tempered light and heat;  
 Sweet sounds of harmony amidst the groves  
 Spread and re-echoed over bower and path,  
 And lighted by celestial beams subdued  
 Were all surroundings of my fairy dream:  
 A vision of the night that glistened grand,  
 But faded ere Aurora lit the East  
 And spread her brightening beams upon my sight;  
 The rich enchantment vanished from my gaze  
 Like some gay pleasure that may charm a while  
 Then fly and leave behind the bitter sting  
 That pleasures oft do leave; but 'twas a dream,  
 Only a dream that spread a phantom show,  
 A nothing; harmless as the air above;  
 Yet came a sadness resting on my heart,  
 I missed the apparition and I sighed  
 'To have it back;—for with the breaking dawn,  
 And long before the monkey pod had spread  
 Its tender leaves to greet the breath of morn;  
 Before the early bee had sallied forth  
 'To taste the dewy sweets of opening flowers  
 My phantom park was gone, and in its place  
 Were stretched to view upon my barren slopes  
 Large circling ruts and furrows on my pate  
 That spoiled the even smoothness of my scalp;

The cattle browsed upon my withered turf  
 As they had browsed of yore, and near at hand  
 A rounded lumber skeleton enclosed  
 Some tiny saplings drying in the sun  
 And doomed to wither in the tropic heat:  
 Ah what a contrast to my gorgeous dream  
 That thus dissolved to nothing save the wreck,  
 And rubbish rotting on mine eminence.

---

### A LOCAL RIDDLE.

In Honolulu I am seen,  
 Of mountains form a part;  
 I'm also seated in the brain  
 But never in the heart.

You see me in the falling rain  
 Tho' alien to the cloud;  
 I dwell in stones, rest on the plain,  
 And sound in thunder loud.

I never dwell in stormy sea  
 Yet form a part of sand;  
 I'm never found in bush or tree  
 But nestle in the hand.

I form a part of "Punchbowl Hill"  
 And also "Diamond Head";  
 I shun alike all good and ill,  
 The healthy sick and dead.

I'm to be seen in fountain clear  
 But never in a brook;  
 In taro bogs I don't appear,  
 Yet found in every nook.

I'm in the nose, avoid the mouth,  
 In ears I've never been;  
 I'm in the north, but not the south,  
 Even in the wind I'm seen.

---

### MUSINGS IN NUUANU CEMETERY.

Here rest the bones of young and old  
 Embedded in the graves dark hold:  
 A tale that often has been told  
 Of death.

The babe that lived a single day,  
 The tiny child of prattling play  
 From parents fond now snatched away  
 By death.

The boy arrived at spring of life,  
 The husband and the wedded wife,  
 None can resist the mortal strife  
 With death.

Tho' some there be whose hoary locks  
 Are grey with age; resist lifes shocks  
 Till at their door the tyrant knocks  
 Yes! death.

The living all their doom may know,  
 The rich, the poor, the high, the low:  
 There is no place where they can go  
 From death.

These sculptured monuments proclaim  
 The bones beneath had rank and fame,  
 It matters not: all are the same  
 In death.

How weak the strongest earthly tie  
 That severs with the latest sigh,  
 When dearest friends will close our eye  
   In death.

Perhaps a loved one resteth here  
 Whose memory some may still revere,  
 Aye! even drop at times a tear  
   Oh! death.

E'en friends may think at midnight hour  
 Of that lone grave by yon green bower  
 Wherein they placed that drooping flower  
   With death.

These marble slabs but mark the spot  
 Where some are laid, perhaps forgot,  
 Life's joys and cares they heed them not  
   In death.

Yet oft the living careless spend,  
 In spite of all that's said or penned,  
 Their days in mirth, but grief their end  
   And death.



THE following lines "to a mosquito" were suggested by the author, having a nocturnal encounter with one of those tormenting insects in a Honolulu boarding House :

### TO A MOSQUITO.

My vengeance on thee sleep destroying pest,  
 Like some fell spirit must thou break my rest,  
 And must I listen to thy hum so near;  
 Thou imp of darkness, wherefore art thou here ?

Why leave thy home in stagnant pool or swamp ?  
 Go ! take a warning, or I'll light my lamp,  
 And hunt thee with a demon's vengeful hate,  
 Nor can'st thou dodge me, for behold my net;  
 E'en tho' thou could'st get inward thro' the clout,  
 I'm blest if you mosquitoes ere get out;  
 And if upon my face thou dar'st alight,  
 I'll smash thee long before that thou can'st bite.

The insect sticks : I raise my vengeful paw  
 And then let drive; I nearly broke my jaw  
 But missed the wretch; which dodging in the dark  
 May try again, when at the sucking mark  
 While he is busy, I'll take surer aim  
 And put a stop to that mosquito's game.

A hole was in my curtain, and the pin  
 Had fallen out; or how could he get in;  
 For I was careful when I came to bed  
 And drew the net with caution o'er my head,  
 Yea, tucked the ends, and laid each varied fold  
 As carefully as miser counts his gold  
 I'm sure he could not thro' the meshes crawl,  
 As each aperture is so very small;  
 Altho' he might screw up his legs and twist,  
 And use his trunk as I might use my fist;  
 Or writhe and wriggle till he burst his skin,  
 Even then: his body never could get in.

But here he is; and nearer still he comes,  
 Up to my face maliciously he hums;  
 Yet seems afraid; and hovers near my nose,  
 Till with a sudden buz away he goes.

'Tis dark: I cannot see which way he went;  
 But he must see; or can his sound or scent

Guide his keen instinct; for the spot he'll find,  
With aim unerring where he sets his mind.

Ah ! he returns; now let him stick a while,  
He'll suck but little, be it blood or bile;  
My itching temple feels him probe the skin,  
And send his dart a little way within;  
I raise my hand, now gently as I can;  
Extend my palm to give the largest span;  
Then take the chance, and give a sudden blow,  
'Twas death: I killed him ere that he could know,  
Or feel the stroke by which his blood was shed;  
Perhaps 'twas mine, the little that he bled.

#### MORAL.

How prone are we to murmur, rage and fret  
At little troubles that we soon forget;  
Alternately thro' life on us must rest,  
The woes and joys that stir the human breast;  
At times we shudder with the very thought  
Of fancied ills that end perchance in nought;  
And if a wound should break our tender skin,  
We utter oaths to quote would be a sin.  
How weak we are; how little self control  
Have we of passions centered in our soul;  
If but a touch should jar the quivering nerves,  
We rave far more than such a touch deserves;  
Unmindful, that the oft recurring pain  
Is soon removed to give us joys again;  
That we appreciate our joys the more,  
According to the ills we had before;  
Yet 'tis our nature, and our woe and weal,  
The more we're civilized the more we feel.

THE following lines are expressive of the thoughts of a "new arrival" on the islands, during the first six months of his residence, and until he becomes accustomed to the reserved manners of the residents.

### SOLILOQUY OF A NEW ARRIVAL.

Like a lonely tree on an arid plain,  
 Or a ship in the midst of danger,  
 Far from the friends I may ne'er see again,  
 I'm lost in the home of the stranger.  
     Alone, and sad, in this isle of the sea;  
     The rays of the sun are oppressive;  
     The mirth that abounds is irksome to me;  
     The tax on my purse is excessive.

No furze on the mountain, no broom on the mead;  
 Their bright yellow blossoms unfolding;  
 No primrose or cowslip is seen in the wood,  
 These beauties are past my beholding.

• No song of the thrush or linnet is heard  
     In the grove or woodland resounding;  
 No trusty friend here to say a kind word,  
     In the strangeness always surrounding.

In times that are past, the dawn of my day;  
 In accents that first I heard spoken;  
 Were words that would cheer said in a kind way;  
 My heart beat with joy at love's token.  
     Now far away from these scenes of my youth,  
     The scenes I shall ever remember;  
 Weary and sad in this land of the South,  
     I'm parch'd in the month of December.

What is the friendship here to be met?  
 But friendship that rests with the dollar;  
 The language and ways I know them not yet,  
 And the climate's decidedly solar.

Tho' the clouds gather there's brightness beyond;  
 A break in the darkness is spreading;  
 Changes of Nature may shatter the bond  
 That shadows the path I am treading.

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## HOME NEWS.

I've just received a letter from my friends  
 Acknowledging my last; the writer sends  
 The kind regards of all, especially Tom  
 My dearest friend that still remains at home.  
 I'm told the brooks run murmuring to the sea  
 In the same channels where they used to be;  
 The hills and valleys are unchanged; the fields  
 The same old produce to the farmer yields;  
 The cities and the towns are much the same  
 In streets and buildings, monuments and fame;  
 The ruined castles as in days of old  
 Their nightly ghosts and apparitions hold;  
 The lark still carols in the Summer sky  
 His lofty song of Nature's melody;  
 The warbling linnet and the singing thrush  
 Still tune their lay upon the thorny bush,  
 The same as when I listened to their notes  
 When woods were vocal by unnumbered throats;  
 The speckled trout still rises from the flood  
 That skirts the fields or parts the mazy wood;  
 And decked with daisies still the grassy slopes  
 Above the meadows bright with buttercups;  
 The furze and broom their golden tassels show  
 In lonely commons where they long ago,  
 Bore a mark'd feature in the landscape wild  
 Where oft I've played and rambled when a child;

And mirthfully enjoyed the boyish game,  
 Too glad to earn the youthful champion's name:  
 The snows of Winter when the seasons change,  
 O'er hill and vale their feathery masses range;  
 Old Boreas rides upon his frosty wing,  
 And chills the Earth until the dawn of Spring:  
 Scarcely a change can I perceive to note  
 That my friend mentions when these words he wrote:  
 But hold! The letter says that "Fighting Bill"  
 Was drowned one day while bathing near the mill;  
 That "One eyed Bob" and "Racing Tom" are dead,  
 That "Lanky Jack" and "Snub nosed Kate" are wed,  
 While left forever have a number more  
 To cast their lot upon a distant shore;  
 Strange forms invade the cherished haunts of old,  
 Strange faces stare, and stranger voices scold;  
 Now dim the lustre of the olden time  
 That shed its halo on that northern clime;  
 Like solar beams that merge in lunar light  
 That youthful day has sank to pallid night;  
 No more the stream that laves the well known bed  
 Sings joyous songs, but flows with accents dead;  
 The flowers that once to me were gems so fair  
 Have lost their grandeur since my feet roved there;  
 The infants then, now men and women grown;  
 Amazed I wonder how the years have flown,  
 And side by side my former feelings range  
 With those at present felt; so much the change  
 That were I now to visit the old sod,  
 To tread the paths I long ago have trod;  
 I'd then regret that I so far had come  
 To find but strangers in my early home:  
 In fact this letter brings to me the hint  
 That home, tho' home, has many changes in't;  
 At present therefore I my mind make up,  
 Where I have dined there also I shall sup.

## DIAMOND HEAD.

FOR the benefit of foreign readers we may state that this headland is situate a few miles from the entrance of Honolulu harbor, it has peaks of considerable elevation and serves as a landmark to mariners approaching the southwestern coast of the island of Oahu.

Old Diamond Head; bold landmark at sea,  
Barren and dead, without bush or tree;  
Looming alone as it did of yore,  
Ages unknown on this tropic shore.

Rugged and grey in the solar light,  
Crumbling away in Time's changing flight,  
Bearing on high its head o'er the waves,  
While under it lie dark fathomless caves.

Whence fire and smoke in a by-gone age  
Burst above rock with volcanic rage,  
When lava streamed down its scoria side,  
And rushing steamed in the hissing tide.

But now at rest in a tranquil sleep,  
With quiet breast it frowns on the deep,  
And grimly stands as it views the storm  
On sea beat sands near its sombre form.

Relic of old, a mark of the past,  
Hoary and bold on the landscape cast;  
Ages untold shall view its grim steep  
Stretching its hold to brink of the deep.

Children unborn shall play on its sides,  
Crumbling and worn by weather and tides,  
Till Earth a scroll at the last great day  
From pole to pole shall be folded away.

TO THE HAWAIIAN CALEDONIAN CLUB ON ITS  
ADVENT TO THESE ISLANDS.

Hail! tender sapling of the north,  
We greet thy welcome smile;  
May works of love, and deeds of worth,  
Long flourish in our isle.

May never stranger seek thy shield  
Unworthy of thy aid;  
May noble aims thy mission wield  
On men of ev'ry grade.

Young flower transplanted from afar  
That sprang from Scotias strand;  
May no rude blast thy blossom mar  
On this Hawaiian land.

Long may thy tartan streamers wave  
And round our hearts entwine;  
Long may the emblems of the brave  
Bring honor as they shine.

May Scotia's thistle ever spread  
Its leaves around thy stem;  
To guard thee with its thorn clad head,  
And purple diadem.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF  
 MR. ALEX. DOW,  
 A YOUNG STRANGER WHO DIED AT HONOLULU 12TH MARCH, 1875,  
 AND WAS BURIED THE SAME DAY IN NUUANU CEMETERY.

Another bud has fallen from the tree,  
 Another youth in Hawaiian grave to lie;  
 From climes afar he came across the sea,  
 Alas! he came, but only came to die.

No kindred gathered near his dying bed;  
 No one was there of early chosen friends;  
 'Twas strangers only heard him as he said  
 His dying words when death the conflict ends.

'Twas strangers fanned his aching fevered brow;  
 'Twas stranger's watched his wan and sinking frame;  
 Yet he had all that nursing could bestow,  
 And all a mother's care except the name.

Far from the land where first he drew life's breath;  
 Far from the scenes of boyhood's happy years;  
 While seeking health he found the hand of death,  
 And died unknown, unwept by parents' tears.

The strangers bore his dead remains away,  
 And gathered sadly near his yawning grave;  
 While none but strangers o'er his corpse did pray,  
 And render unto dust the dust it gave.

## EPITAPH ON TWO FRIENDS,

Late residents of Honolulu who are buried together in the same grave in Nuuanu Cemetery; their names were Captain ALEXANDER ADAMS and Mr. ANDREW AULD. The following epitaph was written in the Scottish dialect by request of the children of both the deceased at whose joint expense the monument was erected. The original and the English versions are here given.

*(Original version.)*

Twa trusty freens baith firm an' true,  
For mony years their freenship grew;  
They cam thegether doon the hill,  
An' here they rest thegether still;  
Ae slab tae mark, ae grave tae hide  
Twa cronies sleepin side by side.

*(English version.)*

Two faithful friends both firm and true,  
For many years their friendship grew;  
They came together down the hill,  
And here they rest together still;  
One slab to mark, one grave to hide  
Two friends that sleep here side by side.



## ODE TO HAWAII NEL.

Hawaii, Hawaii,  
Queen of the tropic sea,  
Smiling alone on the breast of the deep;  
Child of the Ocean wave,  
Grandly thy birth it gave,  
Spreading its waters thy freedom to keep.

Hawaii, Hawaii,  
 Land of the koa tree,  
 Land of the mountain fire, clime of the sun;  
 Mildly the limpid deep  
 Rolls on thy coral steep,  
 Clear as the air of thy beautiful zone.

Hawaii, Hawaii,  
 Happy and ever free,  
 No looming war-cloud can cause thy dismay;  
 Want still avoideth thee,  
 Plenty enshroudeth thee,  
 Care never shadows the beams of thy day.

Hawaii, Hawaii,  
 Bright be thy destiny;  
 Far from the fierce icy blasts of the pole:  
 Gayly the noontide beams  
 Gild thy effulgent dreams;  
 Joy has its home in the depths of thy soul.

Hawaii, Hawaii,  
 Long may thy people be  
 Pure as the sun-scut that floats to the sea;  
 Progress be ever thine,  
 Honor and worth entwine,  
 Olive and laurel be emblems of thee.

